



THE  
*Countesse of Pembrokes*  
Emanuel.

*Conteining the Natiuity, Pas-  
sion, Buriall, and Resurrection  
of Christ: together with cer-  
taine Psalmes of Dauid.  
All in English Hex-  
ameters.*

By ABRAHAM FRAYNCE.



Imprinted at London, for  
*William Ponsonby*, dwelling in  
Paules Churchyard, at the  
signe of the Bishops  
head.







To the right excellent and most Honorable Lady,  
the Lady Mary, Countesse of Pembroke.

*M*ary the best Mother sends her best Babe to a Mary:  
Lord to a Ladies sight, and Christe to a Christian hearing.

Your Honors most  
affectionate.

*Abraham Fraunce.*







*The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.*

# The Natiuity of Christ,

in ryming Hexameters.

**C**hriste euer-lyuing, once dying, only triumphher  
Ouer death by death; Christe Iesus mighty redeemer  
Of forelorne mankynde, which led captiuyty captiue,  
And made thraldome thrall; whose grace and mercy defensiue  
Mercyles and graceles men sau'd; Christe liuely reuiuer  
Of fowles oppressed with sin; Christe louely reporter  
Of good-spell Gospell, Mayds son, celestial offspring,  
*Emanuel*, Man-god, Messyas, euer abounding  
With pity perpetuall, with pure loue, charity liuely,  
This Christe shalbe my song, and my meditation only,  
O euerlasting eternall, euer-abiding,  
Euer-lyuing Lord: O life, and stil-pity-taking,  
Stil-quicknyng Spyrite, which causedst God to be manly,  
That true-God true-man might soe cause man to be godly;  
Graunt mee a sounding voyce to recount these funeral horrors,  
Which made vs t'enioy those sweete celestial harbors.  
And thou Babe stil-borne, borne always from the begynning,  
Whose sweete byrth in skyes causd Angels for to be singing;  
Looke, sweete Babe, from aboue, lend gracijs eares to my prayers,  
Soe shall these my lipps, this mouth, this tong, be thy prayfers.  
When noe Sunne gaue light, noe Moone distinctly apered,  
And noe twinc kling starrs this lightsom *Olympus* adorned,  
When noe world was made; then that most mighty *Iehoua*,  
That king omnipotent, that Lord and only *Monarcha*  
Himself did meditate, enioyd his glorijs essence,  
Glorijs, eternall, vnspeakable, in fynit essence:

*The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.*

Liv'd and lov'd himself, himself, felicity marchies,  
All through all, chief good, chief blisse, perfection endles.  
But this most good God; this simple Trinity blessed,  
This most loving Lord, this three-fould Vnity sacred,  
Would haue this goodnes manifest, this bounty declared,  
This loue expressed, this wondrous mercy reuealed.

In tyme conuenient therefore, this world he created,  
And it, a large Theater to behould his glory, apoynted.  
Which when he had with store of treasures richly replenisht,  
And with abundant grace causd euery part to be furnisht;  
Man was made at length; *Adam* was lastly created,  
Last woork, not least woork; *Adam* was daynti y framed,  
Most perfect creature, and like to the mighty Creator,  
Good, wise, immortall, of mankynde onely beginner.

But proud ambition, but Serpent craftily cloaking  
With curst bitter-sweete his cankered poyson abounding,  
*Adam* dispossest of pleasant beautiful harbors,  
*Adam* hart possest with most vnspokeable horrors;  
Man was mard at length, *Adam* was fouly defaced,  
Last woork, and lost woork, *Adam* was filthily fowled,  
Most cursed creature; vnylike to the mighty creator,  
Bad, foolish, mortall, of mankinde only the murderer.

Yet that greatest God, pteying this fall of a sinner,  
His manyfold mercies did againe most freely remember;  
Gaue new grace to the world, and caused his only begotten,  
Only beloued son to be sent vs downe fro the heauen;  
Here to receaue our flesh, and here with thorns to be crowned,  
Here to be mockt, to be whipt, and here at last to be murdered:  
Murdered for mankynde, to appease Gods infinit anger,  
Guyltles for guylefull, man synles, for man a synner.

And now that good tyme, that ioyfull day was aproaching,  
Which by the liuing Lord was apoynted from the beginning:

There was a man which came from *Dauids* progeny noble,  
Called iust *Ioseph*, but dwelt in a place very simple,  
*Nazareth* it was nam'd: himself had lately betroathed  
That most spotles spowse, that Mayden *Mary* renowned:  
Whoe to be Christs mother was a chosen vessel apoynted,  
And by an Angels voyce from God thus friendly saluted;

Hayle, ô sacred Nymph, of womens company greatest,  
Blest with abundant grace, to the blessed Trynity dearest.

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At these wondrous woords this mayde was somewhat abashed,  
And did meruayle much, by an Angel strangely saluted.  
Which when *Gabriel* once perceaued, he myldly replyed,  
Feare not blessed *Mary*, beleeue and stand not amased:  
Blessed *Mary*, beleeue, thou shalt be a mayd, be a mother,  
Iesus thy son shall be a King, be a Lord, be a ruler:  
Ruler, Lord, and King, almighty, without any ending,  
His faythfull subiects with grace and mercy protecting.

*Mary* began thus againe: Good God, this seemeth a woonder,  
How can a mayde conceaue? can a mayd vntutcht be a mother?  
*Gabryel* added againe, this thy conception holy  
Is not a woork of man, but Gods operation only.  
Gods dyume power shall woork this woonder vpon thee,  
And therfore this chylde soe borne is son to the mighty,  
Mighty triumphant Lord: this Lords dyuynyty dreadfull  
Thy cosyn *Elisabeth* made alsoe for to be fruytfull,  
Which was barren afore: therefore geue eare to the Lords healt,  
For there is noething impossible vnto the highest.

*Mary* resolu'd in mynde this message finnely beleeued,  
And submytts herself, by the Angells woords to be guyded.  
Then soone after that, to the hylls of *Iury* shee hastned,  
And there, *Elisabeth* greate with Chylde, sweetly saluted.  
At which chearefull woords from blessed *Mary* proceeding  
*Elisabeths* yong babe this sound very strangely receauing,  
Sprang in wombe for ioy, cauld *Maryes* voyce to be sounding,  
*Elisabeth* to reioyce, dumbe *Zachary* for to be speaking.

*Mary*, with her kinsfolk, three moonth's in *Iury* remayned,  
And then blessed Nymph to her husband home shee returned,  
Husband iust *Ioseph*, good man, whoe thought it a wonder,  
That new wife, vnkown, vntutcht, should now be a mother.  
Vnwilling therefore in publyke place to reprove her,  
Good-natur'd *Ioseph* meant pryuely for to renounce her.

This man thus meanyng, in sleepe Gods Angel appeared,  
And with chearefull woords this message fryendly deiured,  
Feare not, iust *Ioseph*, thy wife is a mayde, is a mother,  
Pure, chaste, vnspotted, feare not therefore to receaue her.  
This babe is Gods Chylde, this son coelestial of-spring,  
Lambe of God, Gods heyre, ordeyned from the begynning  
For to redeeme lost Sheepe, to be mankynds sole mediator,  
For to relecue poore sowles, to be mankynds mighty protector.

*Ioseph*



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*Ioseph* awak's from sleepe, Gods Angel he gladly obeyeth,  
And his matchies mate, mayd, Mother, *Mary* receaueth.

In those dayes all warrs and vproares fully repressed,  
*Augustus Caesar* causd euery man to be taxed,  
Taxed in each mans towne: then *Ioseph* quickly remoued  
Vnto the blest *Beathleme*, and brought home *Mary* beloued;  
*Mary* beloued he brought; whoe there, when tyme was apoynted,  
Was mayde, was Mother, was most dynynely delyured,  
Bare her first borne Chylde, and layd hym downe in a manger,  
Wrapt in swadling cloaths, poore bed, for want of a better.

Seelly Shepheards by the night theyr flocks were warily watching,  
And fro the skyes they sawe strange brightnes mightily shynyng:  
Downe to the ground they fall: but an Angel cheareful appeared,  
And with ioyfull news theyr trembling harts he reuyued.  
Feare not fryendly shepheards, for I bring good news from *Olympus*,  
This day borne is a babe, his name is called *Iesus*,  
Only Reconcyler, Mediator, mighty Redeemer,  
Only the salue to the sick, and pardon free to the synner.  
And take this for a signe: this babe is a sleepe in a manger,  
Wrapt in swadlyng cloaths, sweete fowle, and cast in a corner.  
Eu'n as he spake these woords, many thousands sweetly resounding  
Immortall spyrites, coelestial harmony making,  
Sang and praysed God, lyfting theyr voyce to the heauen,  
For this ioyfull byrth, this blessed babe of a mayden,  
Glory to God most high, good will to man, and to his of-spring,  
Peace to the earth itself, and all that on earth is abyding.

Seelly Shepherds ran downe to behould theyr only redeemer,  
And found all to be true, and sawe Christe layd in a manger.  
Then they praysed God, most chereful company keeping,  
And gaue lawd to the Lord, that gracios harmony making,  
Glory to God most high, good will to man, and to his of-spring,  
Peace to the earth itself, and all that on earth is abyding.  
Soe that on euery syde, this gloriu eccho resounded,  
Glory to God most high, which man-kynde freely redeemed,  
Freely redeem'd man-kynde, yet man-kynde dearly redeemed,  
In that his owne deare sonne for man was freely delyu'ed.

O blessed byrth day, o starrs most luckyly shynyng,  
O first day of ioy, and last of anoy to the of-spring  
Of sinfull man-kynde, o greate compassion endles,  
O loue still fayntles, pyty peareles, Charyty matchles.



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God that ruleth aboue in royall throane of *Olympus*,  
Sent his blessed Babe, and only begotten among vs:  
And fro the bowre of blisse did abase him downe to the manger,  
For to reconcile vs lost sheepe, that wandred in error.  
Noemens tong can tell, nor noemens hart can imagin,  
That th'æternall God, should thus take flesh of a Virgin.

Christe that in heauen sate with God most mighty coequall,  
From the beginning crownd with grace and glory supernall,  
This God's made to be man, this King is come fro the scepter,  
This Christe is swadled, this Lord is laid in a manger:  
Christe whoe fills each place, (ô Christe how are wee beholding?)  
Christe whome noe-place holds, in soe small place is abiding;  
Christe noe-way-coateind, Christ first, last, Christ the Creator,  
Infinite euery way, is now conteynd of a cature;  
Christe noe-where-enclosd, Christe ender, Christe the beginner,  
Euery-where, noe-where, is now enclosd in a corner.  
And all this for man: soe that, where sin was abounding,  
Grace did abound much more; as man was cause of a falling,  
Man was a raiser againe; as man made deadly beginning,  
Soe true God, true man did make most gracious ending.

*Adam* sinned first, and brought in death to reward it:  
Christe by death kild death, and gaue his life to remoue it.  
*Adam* lost Paradise, where pleasures earthly abyded;  
Christe purchast heauen, where treasures greater abounded.  
Serpent wily beguyld *Adam*, by the meanes of a woeman;  
Serpents head was bruisd by Christe, by the meanes of a woeman.  
Aspyring *Adam* was quite cast downe to the darcknes,  
Humble-minded Christe hath lifted vs vp to the brightnes  
Of stil lasting light, to the ioyful face, to the presence  
Of God, there to behold his sacred ineffable essence.

Sing then, friendly Shepherds, and lift your voyce to the heauen,  
Glory to God most high, for blessed Babe of a Mayden,  
Whom neither Sathan could daunt, nor company hellish,  
Nor raging Pharisees, nor deaths vnspeakable anguish:  
Who by the crosse, by the nayles, by the spear, by the thorns, by the whip-  
Passed aloft to the skies, and there in ioy is abyding: (ping,  
Whoe by the whippes, by the thorns, by the speare, by the nayles, by the  
Lifted vs vp to the skies, with his Angels stil to be dwelling. (crossing;  
Whoe to be blest, was curst; whoe gaue himself for a ransome,  
Whoe by the Crosse crost death, by death obteynd vs a Kingdome.

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Whose incessant pangs, whose grief and agony restles,  
Whose bloody sweate did cause our sinfull soules to be spotted.

Sing then, friendly Shepherds, and Angels all be a singing:  
Come fro the East, you Kings, and make acceptable offering:  
Come fro the East by the light of a blessed starre that appeareth,  
And to the King of Iews your foote steps rightly directeth.  
Loe, here lyes your Lord, bow downe, make peac eable offering,  
Gold to the golden Babe, of golden time the beginning;  
Franckenceuse and Myrrhe, to be sweete perfumes to the sweetest  
Chylde, that sweete sacrifice, acceptable vnto the highest,  
Sweete-smelling sacrifice, once offered only for euer  
For t'appease Gods wrath and his most infynit anger.

Home to the East, you Kings, and bring this hews to the godly,  
God suffreth for man, guyltes condemnnd for a guylty:  
Home to the East, you Kings, and tell this abroad for a wonder,  
Wee haue seene that Babe, of a Virgin, layd in a manger:  
Home to the East you Kings, and shew that mighty resounding  
Of those sweete Angels coelestial harmony making:  
Tell this abroad for a truth, and thinke, that from the beginning,  
Noe such sight to an eye, noe such sound came to a hearing.  
Backe to the East, you Kings, but back by a contrary passage,  
Least ye be partakers of a most vnmmerciful outrage.

And get away *Ioseph*, get away, and haste thee to *Egypt*,  
*Herode* seekes thy sonne to be murdered, not to be worshipt:  
Merciles *Herode* to be sole and only triumphant,  
Seeking one infant, wil murder a number of infants.  
*Beathlem's* red with blood, sweete sucklings blood that abounded,  
*Beathlem's* white with bones, babes bones all woefully scattered.  
Childles mothers mourne, and howle with watery countenance,  
All crye out for grief, and all crye out for a vengeance:  
Vengeance light on a woolf, vengeance and plagues on a tyger,  
Vengeance on this beast, vengeance on this bloody butcher.

And, when he thought his throane with firme foelicity grounded,  
And his senseles soule with most security flattered,  
Vengeance lights on a woolf, vengeance and plagues on a tyger,  
Vengeance on that beast, vengeance on that bloody butcher.  
Lyce did suck his blood, which first was cause of a bloodshed,  
Vermyne tore his flesh, which babes flesh made to be mangled.  
Soe let such men fare, that take a delight to be smurdring,  
Christs curse light on his head, that Christs flock loues to be spoyling.

Now

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Now come back *Ioseph*: but come not nere bloody *Iury*,  
Fly fro the butchers broode, let *Nazzareth* only receaue thee,  
There shall thy deare Chylde in yeares and wit be a growing,  
And with guifts of grace, with supream glory abounding.  
Thence shall thy deare Chylde to the Church of God be repairing,  
And doating Doctors and Priests diuinely reprocuing:  
Thiuck not inach therefore, if threedayes there hee abyded,  
Father on earth must yelde, whylst Father in heu'n is obeyed.

And now *Iohn* that sprang in mothers wombe, was a preaching,  
Teaching, baptizing, and Christs wayes duely preparing.

When this *Iohn* Christs head with water duly besprinkled,  
And Christe from *Jordan* was now but newly remoued,  
Sacred Ghost fro the skies flew downe all louely to Christs head,  
And in forme of a Dove itself there sweetly reposed:  
Then fro the heu'ns these words with chereful glory resounded,  
Thou art my deare chylde, in whome I doe meane to be pleased.  
And forerunning *Iohn*, *Iohn Baptist* dayly reporteth,  
Christe to be Lamb of God, that sins with mercy remoueth.

At these wondrous news th'old Serpent deadly repyned,  
And the renowned fame of Christe extremely maligned,  
Fearing this to be that great sou'raigne lordly *Monarcha*,  
Sin-par'dning *Iesus*, foretold long since by *Sybilla*:  
And he remembred well, what plagues were duly denounced,  
When greate grand-dame *Eue* with a bitter sweete he beguyled.  
Therefore now he begins and takes occasion offred,  
When foueretymes ten dayes from meate and drinck he refrained,  
And in desert kept: he begins him thus to be tempting,  
With colored friendship concealed treachery cloaking.

Shall the coeternall and consubstantiall offspring  
Of God, so many dayes, and so many nights be a fasting?  
Shall those purpled cheekes, which earst so cheareful appeared,  
Looke thus pale and wan, with toomuch penury pinched?  
Make these stones to be bread; for I know, if Sonne to the Thunder  
Speake but a woord, its doone: let creatures serue the Creator.

But when he heard of Christe, that grace from mighty *Iehoua*  
Strengthened more than bread, and fed man more than a *Manna*,  
Then with a new stratageme to the Temple towre he repayred,  
And Christe (soe Christe would) on a pynacle high he reposed,  
Saying; Leape to the ground, if thou be the Sonne to the Mighty,  
Thy Fathers Angels are prest at an inch to receaue thee.



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Yet when he heard Christe say, that God was not to be tempted,  
And that hee alwayes had foolehardy presumption hated,  
Sith both thise proou'd naught, last cast hee began to be prouing,  
And with spitefull rage, his latest part to be playing:  
For when hee had brought Christe, by Christs permission only,  
Vnto a huge mountaine, which gaue full view to the glory  
Of world and worlds wealth: World and worlds wealth wil I giue thee,  
Sayd this damned fiend, if thou wilt learne to obey mee.

Here Christe with iust zeale and indignation vrged,  
That malapert rashnes with these woords boldly rebuked;  
Get thee away Sathan to the burning lake of *Anernus*,  
Woorship alone is due to the sou'raigne Lord of *Olympus*.

Then with dead despaire Christe toowell knowne hee relinquish't,  
Sith that hee saw himself and all his villany vanquish't.

Lying Serpent thus confounded; an Angel appeared,  
And long-fasting Christe with chearefull foode he refreshed.

Thenceforth Christe his life was noething els but a teaching,  
Preaching, and woorking of woonders woorthy the woondring.  
Sicke are whole, lame goe, dumbe speake, blynde see the Redeemer,  
Hearing's giu'n to the deafe, and elensed skynne to the leaper.  
Netts eu'n burst with fish, and full boates gin to be sincking,  
Water made to be wyne makes brydegroome greatly reioycing,  
Wyndes are whist with a woord, and blustering storms be repressed;  
And foaming seas waues to a firme walk mightily changed.  
Diu'ls roare out for feare, and haste their heavy departure  
Which tormented men with tootoo woeful a torture.

Fiue loaves, twooe fishes, fiue thousand fully refreshed,  
Yet twelue baskets full with broaken meate be reserued;  
Seu'n loaves, seaw fishes, foure thousand fully refreshed,  
Yet seu'n baskets fyld with broaken meate be reserued.

*Elias* came downe to behold life-giuer *Iesus*,  
And *Moses* rose vp, to behold soule-sauer *Iesus*,

His face shyn'de as sunne: himself transform'd in a moment;  
Surpassing brightnes did stand in steede of a garment,  
Mount *Tabor* glistred: sweete voyce came downe from *Olympus*,  
Heare my beloued sonne, my dearly beloued *Iesus*.  
Yea, dead men lyued: yet Iewes causd him to be dying,  
Whoe raisd *Lazarus* vp, whoe dead Gyrle made to be lyuing.





## The Passion, Buryall, and Resurrection of Christe.

**C**hriste, whose blessed byrth causd Angells for to be singing:  
Christe, whose louing life forst diu'ls themselvs to be wondryng,  
Christe, whose bitter death made templs vayne to he rentyng,  
Grau's to be op'nyng, earth to be quaking, heu'ns to be lowring,  
Geue mee the grace, sweete Christe, since euery thing is a mournyng,  
For to recount these pangs, this crosse, this death by my mournyng.

When that apoynted fight, that feareful combat aproached,  
Fight with pangs of death, and hells vnuffrable horrors,  
Combat with mans fyre, and Gods vnspcakable anger,  
Then curst capten *Caiphas* with his hellish adherents  
Contryued platforms, conspyred ioyntly togeather  
For to betray that man which was mans only redeemer.

Yf that he hould on thus such wonders stil to be working,  
Then farewell Pharisees, with Scribes, and onely renowned  
High Priests; and therefore its more than tyme to preuent hym.  
Yet forbear for a while, till solempne feasts be determynd,  
Least this strange murder may chaunce to be cause of an vproare.  
O dyuine doctors, deuout Priests, woorthy protectors  
Of *Salomons* temple, good graybeards; that for a feast day  
Can vouchsaufe to delay this murder, this bloody outrage,  
Not for loue of God, but for this feare of an vproare.

But Christe foreknowing theyr treachery, came to the leper  
Lepers *Symons* howse in *Bethany*: where when he supped,  
*Mary*, (remembering how herself was lately released

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From Ieu'n tormenters) kneeled downe to her only redeemer,  
Washte his blessed teete with trickling teares that abounded,  
Wyp'te hys bleiled teete with her hayre that sweetly becomed,  
Kyst his blessed teete; and heade, and teete then anoynted  
With precious sweete balme, with most odoriferus oymntment.

But that most cursed caytiue, that greedy deuouring  
Murderer, cutthroate, thie. e, with his hellish treason abounding  
*Judas Iscariot*, stil bent to the bag, to the budgett,  
Gan to repyne and grudge, that this soe costly anoyntment  
Was thus wasted away, which might haue beene by the purser  
Sould and geu'n to the poore: but alas this traiterus abiect  
Meant t' enrich by himself, and not to be good to the needy,  
As by his accursed stratagem it playnly appeared.

For, when hee lost this pray, his master he deadly maligned,  
And balme box broken brake *Judas* hartful of enuy.  
Damnabie, infermall, outragius, horrible enuy:  
Soe that noe myschief, noe part of a theefe, or a murderer  
Was by the vile reprobate, by the damned villen omytted,  
Vntil hee had this lo'le, as hee tooke it, fully recoured,  
Vntil hee had for gaine his master falsly betrayed.

Christe fro the mount *Olyuet* with an asse coms scellyly ryding,  
Poorely, without any pompe, to the pompous cytty repaying,  
Some with flowring bowes his wayes had freshly adorned,  
Some with fragrant flowres his passage sweetly prepared,  
Some cauld theyr garments by the highe way side to be scattered,  
Every man cry'de out with chearefull voyce to the heauens,  
*Hosanna* sweete ympe of *Dauids* gracijs of-spring,  
*Hosanna* to the King almighty of *Israel* holy,  
*Hosanna* to the Lord of Lords, to the prince of *Olympus*,  
Soe that on euery syde, *Hosanna* sweetly resounded,  
And sweete *Hosanna* from rocks with an eccho rebounded.

Yt was a plague to the Priests, to the fatbely Priests to belould this,  
Yt was a death to the Scribes, to the scraping Scribes to abyde this,  
Yt was a hell to the prowd Pharisees for a truth to belecue this;  
Yet, t'was a ioy to the yong and ould, for a truth to report this.

And for a truth, both yong and ould went straight to the temple,  
Straight to the temple went with Iesus scellyly ryding,  
And yet on his poore asse with a princelyke glory triumphing.

Into the Church when hee came more lyke to a fayre or a market,  
Then *Salomons* temple such chapmen hee quicly remoued,

Overturned

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Overturned theyr seates, and tables iustly deaced,  
His fathers orders, and seruice rightly reuyued:  
But to the prowd Pharisees, to the scraping Scribes, to the fatt Priests  
It was more then a plague, then a death, then a hell to behould this.

Therefore once yet againe themselvs they gyn to be styrring  
For t'entrappe Iesus: but loe, whil'st this was a woorking,  
In comes that cutthroate, that thiefe, yet freshly remembring  
How th'Alablaster box of balme his greedy deuowring  
Clawes escaped afore: and then to the company hellish,  
And Sathans synagogue, his murdring mynde he reuealed.

Hayle sacred *Cayphas*, chiefe Priest, and mighty Protector  
Of Iewish customes, and Hebrieus laudable orders:  
Hayle Scribes and Pharisees, that teach and preach the renowned  
Doctrin of *Moses*: geue care and mark what I tell you.

This wandryng vpstart ypocrite, this *Christus, Iesus*,  
Man, God, I know not what, doth abuse and dayly deceaue vs.  
Vs fooles his folowers; and mee vnworthyly hating.  
Chiefly of all others with flaundrous taunts he reuyleth  
And yet I could forget this abuse and iniury priuate,  
But that by these meanes he begins t'aspire to the scepter.  
For, what a sedition, what a styrr doth hee make, what an uproare?  
And what a sort be before, what a trayne comes dayly behynde hym?  
His woonders woondring, his doctrine waynly beleeuing,  
His wayes with fresh flowres and branches dayntyly dressing,  
His delicate fine feete with balmes most costly anoynting,  
His royall person with tytes princely saluting,  
His foamyng palfray with rich robes gayly bedocking,  
*Hosanna* singing, and each where freely triumphing?  
Yt that I bring hym bound, and soe cause all to be ended,  
And people quyeted, say on, what shalbe my guerdon?  
What shal I haue? for I serue but a snudg, and am but a begger.

Hereat *Cayphas* smilde, and *Jews* all greatly reioyced;  
And of theyr syluer, they peeces thyrty apoynted  
For this vile butcher, which causd that Lambe to be slaughtred.

These things dispatched, those fathers ghostly departed,  
Counsell's dissolued: *Judas* back slyly returned.

Christe with a curse by the way (most fearful signe to the saythles)  
That fruyteles figgtree causd euermore to be fruytles.

Christe rose from table (most perfect signe of a mecke hart)  
And wash his fryends feete, teaching them for to be lowely.

Christe



*The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.*

Christe foretould his death (most doubtles signe of a true God)  
And did note to the rest, that shameles desperat outcast.  
But woe woe to the wretch, but alas woe woe to the traytor,  
Better he were not borne, then borne to a damnable horror.

Christe tooke bread and wyne (most sacred signes to the faythful)  
And gaue thancks to the Lord, and brake and gaue it among them,  
Most cherefull sacrament, most loue and lyuly remembrance  
Of Christ his body crost, and blood shed freely for all men.

And now that Renegate that damned Apostata *Iudas*  
Coms to the Priest *Caiphas*, and there his brybe he receaueth,  
Brybe for blood, Lambs blood, Gods Lambe: and bringeth a great rowte  
Of swearing cutters and souldiers duely prepared,  
With lynckes and lanterns, with swerds and staues for an onsett,  
Marching all in aray in due and martial order,  
As though some fyeld were to be fought, or king to be conquer'd:  
Whereas alas noeman was there with force to resist them,  
But some feawe fishers, and theyr poore mayster *Iesuu*.

O valyant *Iudas*, of a warlike company captein  
These be the synners plagues, these these be rewards to the wicked,  
That not a mouse can creepe, not a leafe can shake, not a wynde blowe,  
But theyr sowls with syn, theyr mynds with murder aboundyng,  
Stil be, a trembling, stil be a quai'ring, stil be a quaking,  
Quaking stil for dreede and feare of an hasty reuenging  
Afterclapp to be giu'n by the thundring Prince of *Olympus*.

Christe after supper, gaue thancks, rose vp fro the table,  
Came to the mount *Olyuete*; then these woords graciuss vttered;  
My faythfull folowers and fryends, my dearly beloued  
And best companyons; this night you shalbe molested,  
And sore offended, to behould some villanies offred:  
For soe t'was written long since, and truly reuealed,  
That your fryendly shepherd must needs at last be remoued,  
And his Sheepe scattred, wandring for want of a sheepsman.  
But faythfull folowers and fryends, but dearly beloued  
And best companyons, your mayster shalbe reuyned;  
And by death kill death, and ouer death be triumphing,  
His faythfull folowers visyting, his dearly beloued  
And best companyons and fryends in *Galyly* seeing.

Scarce had he sayd thus much: but *Peeter* stowtly replied;  
Not soe, sweete Master, though euery man be amased,  
Euery man fly back, yet *Peeter*'s fully resolu'd.



## The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.

For noe loue of life, noe feare of death to be startyng :  
Great woords, small woonders : But Iesus gaue hym a watch-woord,  
His weaknes knowing, his rashnes meekly rebuking,  
And sayd : Poore *Peter*, pray, and leaue off thy protesting,  
This night quickly, for all thy stowt and manly presuming,  
Ere that a Cock crow twise, thou shalt thrice flatly deny mee.

And now when that night, that dreadfull night was aproaching  
Christe did watch hymselfe, and wyld his friends to be watching,  
Christe prayd thrice hymselfe, and wyld his friends to be praying,  
Christe with fearefull pangs, and dropps of blood was abounding,  
Christe fell flat to the ground, and willt that cup to be passing,  
(Yet not his owne conceipt, but Fathers will stil obeying)  
Christe at length came back, and found his friends to be sleeping :  
Come, let's goe (quoth hee) now, its more than tyme to be stirring,  
Loe here com's *Judas*, with a cursed kisse to betray mee.

Eu'n as hee spake these woords, that martial army appeared,  
Lynkes gaue light to the night, and cauld their swoords to be glistring,  
And fore-man *Judas* for a guyde went iollyly marching,  
That vile vipers kisse, for a signe and token apoynting.  
Then with a brazen face, past grace, Christe Iesus he kissed,  
And sayd, *Hayle Mayster* ; to the which Christe mildly replyed,  
Friend, Wherefore comst thou ? But *Peter* rashly reuenging  
Christ's disgrace, as he thought, who first came, first he requited,  
And *Malchus* right eare from his head with a swoord hee diuided.

Whoso strikes with a swoord, with a swoord must looke to be stricken,  
And blood seekes for blood : Stay *Peter*, learne to be lowly,  
If that I meant to reuenge, sayd Christe, and make a resistance,  
Could not I ten thousand Angells haue quickly procured,  
Whose strength these forces might haue most easily daunted ?  
But then my Fathers edict shou'd not be obeyed,  
And scriptures verifide : This spoken, he strangely refixed  
*Malchus* his eare to his head : O meeknes, charity, mildnes,  
Of true God, true man, long suffring, infinit, endles :  
This was enough t' haue cauld brute beasts themselues to be tamed,  
Ragged rocks to relent, and harts of fynt to be yeelding.

This done: Whom doe yee seeke, quoth Christe ? To the which the re-  
Craking swashbuklers, like niecke and humble obeyssants (now med  
Their mouth's scarce op'ning, sayd thus : Wee seeke for *Iesu*.  
Then, quoth Christe, *He is heere* : which words dauinely proceeding  
From that sacred mouth, cauld *Judas* fowle to be trembling,

## *The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.*

Theyr captens quaking, and euery man to be reeling,  
And falling backward to the grownd, extreamely amased,  
Like to a towre throwne downe by the roaring crash of a thunder,  
Or to a man that's scorcht by the feareful flash of a lightnyng.

Christ for a while conceales that greate dyuynity dreadful,  
Stayes that breath which makes heu'n, earth, and hell to be quaking,  
Gee's them leaue to arise, and then more myldly demandeth,  
Whom doe yee seeke? *Iesus*, say they, of *Nazareth* only.  
Haue not I sayd, he was here, quoth Christ? What need's any further  
Search? What neede yee to bring swards, staues, and armor about you?  
As though some famous thiefe, or notorius ow'tlaw  
Were to be suppressed? did I not walk dayly among you?  
Did not I day by day teach, preach, and woork many woonders?  
Then might your Ea'lders and Scribes haue sought to repress me.  
But the prefixed tyme, the predestinat howre was apoynted,  
And this is it: Therefore my Fathers Will be obeyed,  
Noeman shall withstand, noeman shall make any stryuing:  
Loe here take *Iesus*: But these, must not be arested,  
Let them alone for a while, till greater things be reuealed.

Christ then caught and bound; his fryends with terror amased,  
Euery man fled back, as Sheepe that wanted a sheepesman,  
Or vanquisht souldyers disperst for want of a Capten.

Whoe can alas that night, that cursedst night of a thow sand,  
Those woorks of darcknes, that mockery, villany, treason,  
Those byndings, beatings, spytings, and fylthy reuylings  
Counteruayle with woords, or thoughts, or streames of abounding  
And still trickling teares? They brought hym bound to the high Priest,  
Late high Priest *Annas*, sage Father, whoe for a pastyme,  
Disdainefull pastime, not for deuotion, asked  
Christ many vdle toyes and fond, not worthy the hearing,  
Of fishmen folowers, and poore contemptible abiects,  
Of newfound doctryne on brainesick fantasy grownded.

All that I spake, sayd Christe, was spoken abroad to the whole world,  
A'l that I taught was taught in temple, among many thow sands,  
In corners not a woord, in secreat place not a woonder,  
They can tell what I taught, what I wrought, let them be reporters,  
Ask them. What Iack sawce, quoth a blewcoate knaue, be yee thus taught  
With noe more reuerence and humble duty to awnswere  
This reuerend Father? learne, and take this for a lesson:  
Soe from a woord to a blow, with a sinfull fylte hee desyked.

That

## *The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.*

That synles sweete mouth, which these woords peaceably vttered;  
Fryend, if I haue sayd yll, beare witnes, let mee be punisht,  
Yt but well, why then doest thou vnworthyly stryke mee?

Here any man might thinck, that Christ thus sowlly abused,  
Should haue bene pytyed, should haue bene fryendly releued  
Of this sage Father: but alas, tis an *Ass*, not an *Annas*,  
And sends Christ to the chiefe of theyre good company *Caiphas*.

Scarce was hee come to the howse, but anone they fall to reuylings,  
Here's that princely Prophete, that towld vs so many tydings,  
Here is Gods owne Sonne, that wrought vs so many wonders,  
Famous carpet knight, and pardonor only renowned,  
Sorcerer, inchaunter, taleteller, noble abuser  
Offooles and matrones, that casts out diu'ls by the diu'ls help,  
Plucks downe Gods temple with a trice, and buyldeth a better  
Only within three dayes: as twooe rogues fallily suborned,  
Hyr'de by the owld hyrelings, had most vtruly deposed.

Then good Syr *Caiphas*, with greate integryty asked,  
What sayst thou feallow, to the crymes objected against thee?  
Christ sayd iust noething, his damned iniquity loathing.

*Caiphas* gan to be hoate, and tooke on lyke to a Prelate,  
And coniuring Christe, charg'd hym by the mystery sacred  
Of Gods dreadfull name, to declare it playnly among them,  
Whether he were that Christe, Gods Sonne, borne from the begynnyng;

Thou hast sayd, quoth Christe, yet marck what further I tell you:  
You shall see this Christ sitting on a mighty tribunali,  
On Gods owne right hand, in clouds with glory apearng.

Then that puffed-up Priest from a badman, turned to a madman,  
Rent his roabes in a rage, and, Blasphemy, blasphemy, roared,  
What doe wee seeke for proofes hereof, what need any wytnes?  
Our selus haue heard all, hymself hath playnly reueald all.  
What's to be herein doone? or what, doe ye thinck, he deserueth?  
Death, sayd euery man, Death, death with an echo rebounded.

Then those lewd rakehells with poysoned rankor abounding,  
His sweete face, ô griefe, with spyttle sylthly defyled,  
His bloody cheeks, ô hell, with buffetts all to be bruyfed,  
Some stroake him blindfyeld, and then thus scornefully taunted,  
Now, good Christe arread, and gesse whoe gaue thee the buffet?

*Peeter* saw all this, *Peeter* that manly protester,  
*Peeter* styr'd not a foote; *Peeter* that mighty protector,  
*Peeter*, stowt *Peeter*, by a gyrl, by a paltery damsell



### *The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.*

Is dafht, is vanquifht, forfakes his Mayfter *Iefus*,  
Thrice forfakes, and twice fore-fweares his Mayfter *Iefus*.

And now Cock gan crow, and giu's him a friendly *Memento*,  
That mans flesh is frayle, that man's but a fmoke, but a vapor,  
His pride nought but duft, and all his glory, but afhes.

*Peeter* in his curfing heard this Cock chearefully chaunting,  
And faw Chrifte then a ftrayp foule-fearching fight to be turning,  
Yet with a louely regard, with a merciful eye to be looking.  
Euery eye was a bowe, and euery looke was an arrow,  
Eye and eye-arrow pierft *Peeters* hart in a moment,  
*Peeters* hart and fowle: and there inflicted a deepe wound,  
So deepe wound, that it had been no way poffibly tured,  
Were not his owne foules-wound with his owne teares all to bewailed.

Now he remembreth alas, his firft foole-hardy prefuming,  
Now he detefteth alas, his laft vnfriendly reuolting:  
Now that wan countnance, which feare of death had apaled,  
All on a fire is fet for fhame of duty neglected,  
Sith that blood, fro the face to the hart which lately retyred,  
Back fro the hart to the face with fpeede is freshly repayred.  
Now his mayfters eyes in his eyes are euer apearng,  
And therein doth he feeme his whole offence to be reading.  
Now Cock crows in his eares, and calls foorth day to be wytnes,  
Wytnes of euery woord that *Peeter* fpake to the darcknes.  
Cock with an open mouth, and lowd voyce bowldly proclaymeth,  
That bragging feruant his mayfter cowlly renounceth.  
Euery fight, each found, iuft accusation offreth,  
And felf-wounding fowle, felf-condemnation vrgeth.  
Noe reft, noe harts-eafe: now loathed lyfe he detefted  
More, yea much more now, than death at firft he abhorred.

Lyfe, let *Peeter* dye; lyfe, leaue to be dayly prolonging  
Thefe my dolefull dayes, leaft lyfe foone draw'n to an ending  
Cause me to loofe that lyfe, which neuer leaues to be lafting.  
This frayle life, finale broyles and fhorteft iannes to be ftunning,  
Made me the greateft ioyes and endles peace to be leauing,  
Made me deny my Lord, of lafting lyfe the begynnyng,  
Made me renounce sweete life, for a foolifh feare to be dying.  
Lyfe let *Peeter* dye: many dayes heape on many mifchifs.  
Blefled were thofe babes that dy'de, when merciles *Herode*  
Seeking one chylde's death, many Mothers made to be chyldeles:  
Blefled, moft blefled chyl dren, whose tymely departure



### *The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.*

Parted theyr sweete fowles from such, and soemany thousand  
Woos, who dyed afore they knew what t'was to be synnyng,  
And fro the damnable earth to the highest heau'ns be remoued,  
Lyke to a Lilly, before it chaunce by the frost to be nypped.  
They, in stead of mouths, theyre throates then sweetely did open,  
And, for want of woords, pow'd soorth theyr blood to the heauen.  
O straunge thing, these babes are now with glory triumphing,  
Which yet neuer afore did taste any part of a fighting:  
Theyr yong heads with crownes of Martyrdome be adorned,  
Ere any tender lockes had theyre heads sweetly bedecked:  
Yea, theyr feete, that on earth were neuer seene to be treading,  
Walk in *Olympus* now, and there in ioy be abiding.  
But *Peeters* gray heares, draw graceles face to the graues-dore,  
*Peeters* long lyuing, makes *Peeters* fowle to be doating,  
*Peeter* lyu's, yea lyu's to deny his mayster *Iesus*,  
Lyu's, yea lyu's to renounce his lord and mayster *Iesus*,  
Lyu's, and yet forsakes, forswears lyfe-geauer *Iesus*.  
Christe, who might commaund that glorius hoaste of *Olympus*,  
Those spotles spirites, those cuer-dutiful angels,  
Sought, found, and tooke vs from soemany, soemany thousand,  
Vs ragged fithers, from soemany, soemany thousand,  
Vs poore, poorest fowles of soemany, soemany thousand.  
Yet we alas his loue haue most vnlovely rewarded,  
And this most kinde Christe haue most vnkindly requited,  
Wee, most cursed crewe, of soemany, soemany thousand,  
Wee, worst vipers broode, of soemany, soemany thousand,  
Wee, the detestedst twelue, of soemany, soemany thousand.  
One with a cursed kisse his deare Lord falsly betrayed,  
Ten fled back for feare, when death and danger aproached,  
And I, the worst of twelue, yea after soemany greate woords,  
Least, forsooke, forswore, Lord, Sou'raigne, Mayster *Iesus*.

Why!st poore *Peeter* thus with mynde extreamely molested,  
With deepe sobbs and sighs, with streames of teares that abounded,  
Washed away those spots, and most syncearely repented;  
Mornyng came at last, and then those damnable owtcalls  
That condemned Christe, did bring hym bound to be slaughtred,  
Bound, bruyd, and beaten to the *Romaine* Deputy *Pilate*,  
*Pilate*, who for a Iudg of lyfe and death was apoynted.

In meane tyme, *Indas* posselt with desperat horrors,  
Clog'd with a synfull fowle, with a dogged deadly repentance,

### *The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.*

Coms with his afterclapps, when he see's his mayster *Iesus*  
Thus condemnd to the death, and runs in a rage to the high Priests,  
Saying, Synned I haue, that guytles blood to betray thus.  
Yf thou haue synned, say they, looke thou to be plagued,  
What care wee for that? w' haue kept tutch, giu'n thee thy wages.

That woefull wages drew my destruction onward,  
That graces guerdon my death vntymely procured,  
That brybe bred my bane: Take there your Mammon among you,  
Take back your bloody brybe: soe threw theyr syluer among them:  
And flinging headlong, enrag'de with an hellish *Erynnis*,  
Hangd hymself on a tree: sic death for treachery saythles:  
His loathed carkas was an ougly detestable object,  
Spectacle infamous, most fearefull sighte to the people,  
With gutts gushing forth, wyth bowells broken asunder.

Loe here, you Traytors, your treasons iustly rewarded,  
Your Mayster *Iudas* himself hath rightly requyted:  
Your Mayster *Iudas* dealt soe, that now to the worlds end  
Of that name *Iudas*, each traytor's nam'd a *Iudas*,  
Euery saythles fryend from that tyme's called a *Iudas*.

Marck *Peeters* weakenes, marck *Iudas* villany, fly from  
Both dead despayring, and toomuch hasty presumyng.  
*Peeter* started asyde for feare of death, with a faynt harte,  
*Iudas* slyded back for loue of a bribe, with a false harte:  
*Peeter* by and by wept sore and truly repented,  
*Iudas* neuer againe came home, but deadly repyned.

*Iudas* thus bursting, highe Priests and Scribes be amased,  
And consulting long, at last they fully resolved,  
With that cursed coyne some peace of ground to be buying,  
For straungers buryall, with a fayned sanctyty cloaking  
That cursed bloodshed, that most vnnatural outrage.  
Soe this pryce of blood was payd for a fyeld of a potter,  
Called a fyeld of blood, for a signe of this bloody murder.

Christ is brought to the barr: sir *Pilate* sits as a bencher,  
Priests be his accusers: many captall crymes, many treasons,  
And many seditions were there objected against him.  
Soe much sayd, nought prou'd; Christ standing seellyly sylent,  
By smoothing *Pilates* commaunde was sent to the Tetrarche,  
*Herodes* Tetrarche of *Galyly*, there to be iudged,  
Sith Christ seem'd to belong t' his Iurisdiction only.

*Herode* greatly reioyst, and looked for many woonders

*The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.*

When Christe came : But Christe with sylence wysely rebuked  
This Tetrarchs tatling, and Priests vntuely reuylings.

*Herode* contemnd Christe, when hee saw noe hope of a wonder,  
Sent hym back for a foole, to the first iudg deputy *Pilate*,  
All in a long whyte coate, for a scornefull mockery cloathed.  
Thus poore Christ, meekelambe was tost fro the poast to the pillar,  
Wandering here and there, hence thence fro the Wooll to the slaughter.

*Pilate* seeing Christ fro the Tetrarch sauffly returned,  
Spake to the Priests and Scribes : This man seem's stil to be guyltles,  
*Herode* sends him back : its best hee be whipt for a frantike,  
And soe loost at large : for I know you looke for a prisoner  
At this feast, of courie : say then, whoe shalbe released ?  
*Barrabas*, or *Iesus* ? What needest thou to be asking  
O pytyfull *Pilate* ? thou know'st, theyr only desyring  
Is t'haue Christ muredred ; thou giust this lambe to the woollus iawes.  
Kill, kill Christ, say they, and geue vs *Barrabas* only.  
(*Barrabas*, in theeting and muredring, barbarus owtlaw.)

Then people pleasing *Pilate*, cauld Christ to be scourged,  
And in a scornefull sort to the *Jews* to be newly produced,  
But kill, kill, they cry, and crucify, crucify *Iesus*.

*Pilate* seeing Christe by the fowldyers all to be scourged,  
Cauld him then for a mock with a crowne of thorns to be crowned,  
With royall garments and roabes of purp'le adorned,  
And in a throane placed, with a reede in his hand for a scepter.  
Some mockt, some spytted, some kneeld and synely saluted,  
Hayle ô King of *Jews*, for fame and glory renowned.  
Some with his owne seepter that sweete face all to be bruyfed,  
Euery one tooke paynes, that noe paynes might be omytted,  
Noeman spar'd any cost, least Christ might chaunce to be spared :  
Yet this was not enough, t'appease theyr villany monstrous,  
But kill, kill, they cry, and crucify, crucify *Iesus*.

*Pilates* wife in a dreame with Christ then greatly molested,  
Perswades her good man for feare, that he might be released :  
Yet noe dreames would serue t'appease theyr villany monstrous,  
But kill, kill, they cry, and crucify, crucify *Iesus*.

Then iust iudg *Pilate* in an open shew to the people,  
His pure hands forsooth, with greate solempnyty washed,  
Thincking soe fro the guylt of guyltles blood to be quytted :  
Noe wynde, noe water, could stay theyr villany monstrous,  
But, kill, kill, they cry, and crucify, crucify *Iesus*.

Crucify



*The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.*

Crucify coofnyng Chrifte, his death and blood be requyted  
On *Jews* that now lyue, and *Iewish* progeny after.

*Cesars* faythfull fryend can abyde noe Kyng but a *Cesar*,  
Therefore looke *Pilate*, that this King soone be remoucd.

Chrifte in his owne coate now to the *Jews* was lastly presented,  
And by *Pilates* doome (deaths doome) giu'n vp to be crossed:  
Whose Crosse, in Latyne, Greeke, Hebriew, had for a tytle  
These woords, *Here's Iesus, Iewes King, of Nazareth*, added.

Chiefe *Jews* tooke Iesus prickt, whip't fro the crowne to the ankles,  
Faynt, weake, and feeble, scarce able for to be creeping:  
Yet they layd on a Crosse, his shoulders heavily loading,  
Dryuing him foreward, til he fell downe vnder a burden,  
Burden with deaths pangs, plagues, griefs, and horror abounding.

Chrifte and Crosse fain downe, by chaunce one *Simon* approached,  
Whoe to be Crosse-caryer, by the prowd Priests then was apoynted,  
Crosse-caryer to a place, that in Hebriew's *Golgotha* called,  
Place of deadmens skulls: where Chrifte they speedily Crossed,  
Feete and hands with nayles, with great nayls all to be mangled:  
And, for a greater spyte, two thecues they cauld to be hanged,  
Hanged on eyther syde, and Chrifte almighty betweene them.

Chrifte once nayld to the Crosse, now euery knaue is a craking,  
Prowd harted Pharisees, fell Scribes, hypocritical Ealders,  
Captens, and Souldyers, greate, smalle, fro the Priest to the Pyper,  
Wagging theyre wise heads, laughing, and scornfully taunting,  
Thou that sau'st others, now saue thy self from a mishief,  
Thou that buy'dst temples with a tryce, come downe fro the gallows,  
Come Gods deare dearling, come King of *Jews* fro the gybbett,  
Leape from a Crosse to a Crowne, from a cursed tree to a Kingdome.

Chrifte, (ô louing Chrifte, long suffring Chrifte) thus abused,  
Gaued not a check for a taunt, but alas very hartly prayed,  
Father forgeue them, forget this villany Father.

Hark and mark that thief, (that thief eu'n brought to the last gaspe)  
How he reuyles his Lord: Peace thiefe, geue care to thy fellow,  
Wee for a synfull lyfe with death are iultly rewarded,  
But Christis synles lyfe hath noe death duly deserued:  
Thou Chrifte, thou Iesus, thou Lord vouchsaufe to remember  
Mee, mee, synfull wretch, mee, when thou comst to thy kingdome.

Chrifte heard and sayd thus, Thy prayers shalbe regarded,  
This day in Paradise with mee thou shalt bee receaued,  
O blest thief, curst thief, Sheepe, Goate: Therefore let a synner

## *The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.*

Not despaire, one thiefe is sau'd in an howre in a moment:  
But let a sinner feare, let a sinner not be presuming,  
One thiefe only repents, and scapes in an howre, in a moment.

Christs coate was seameles, for a signe of an absolut, endles,  
And perfit kingdome: this coate soe fitly cohærent  
And all-wrought ouer, was nothing toucht by the souldyers,  
Nor torne in peeces, nor cut, nor parted among them,  
But kotts cast, that some one man might wholly receaue it,  
That, what was foretold, might haue effectual ending.

Christe now hangs on a tree, suffering vnsuffrable horrors,  
Torments for mans sins, and Gods vnspeakable anger:  
Whyllst Christe is suffering, whyllst fearefull pangs be aproaching,  
Sunne for Gods Sons grieffe doth greeue, and gins to be lowring:  
Hydes his darckned face, lets golden rayes be eclipsed,  
Seeing Light of light with pricking thorns to be crowned:  
Heu'n and earth is darck fro the sixth howre vnto the nynth howre,  
Heu'n and earth laments, and euery thing is a mourning:  
Heu'n and earth laments, whyllst Iesus Christe is a dying,  
Heu'n and earths comfort, heu'n and earths only reuyuing.

But now Christe gan faint, with an infinit agony troubled,  
And *Ely Ely*, and *Lama/abaethany* cryed,  
Father, deare Father, why should thy Son be refused?

Then bitter vineger they raught, when he sayd, that he thirsted,  
Which Christe once tasting, said, Father, now it is ended,  
Thy will's fulfilled, thy lawes and heast be obeyed,  
Take my sowe to thy hands; Then his head he began to be bowing,  
With those woords his life and endles passion ending.

Scarce did he yeeld his breath but straight fro the top to the bottom.  
Templs vayle was rent, and torne, and broken asunder,  
Earth did quake, stones brake, graues op'ned, dead-men apeared.

Then captens, souldyers, men, matrones, all the beholders  
Smote theyr breasts, and said, this man was son to the mighty,  
Whose strange death eu'n makes lyue dead, and dead to be lyuely.

Christe is dead indeede, his bones neede not to be bruyfed:  
Yet for a further prooffe, his side was speedily pearced,  
Pearc't with a speare, and thence pure blood, pure water abounded.

Then noble *Ioseph*, with faithfull friend *Nicodemus*  
Did begg of *Pilate*, that blessed corps of *Iesus*,  
Tooke it downe fro the crosse, fine linnen duly prepared,  
With Myrrh and Aloes themselues it carefully wynded,

## *The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.*

And in a late-made tombe, wherein was no-body chested,  
That sweete corps (sweete corps of Christe almighty) reposed,  
Rolled a stone to the graue, and so all heavy departed.

Yet these Priests left not, til they had watchmen apoynted,  
And graues stone sealed, least Christe might chaunce to be stollen  
By his wel-willers, as they then vainly pretended;  
Sots, fooles, and mad-men, stil against this prick to be kicking,  
And stil against this streame, this sacred streame to be struing.

For when third day came, there came with a terrible earthquake  
Gods Angel fro the skies, and rold that stone fro the graues-dore,  
And there fate for a while: his face was like to a lightning,  
His robes white as snow, which made those watchmen amazed,  
And half dead for feare: but th' Angel spake to the women,  
(Twoo *Maries*; comming of purpose, for to anoynt Christe  
With precious spices, with sweete odoriferus oynments)  
You seeke here for Christe, here Christe is not to be sought for,  
Christe is quickned againe, and risn', as he truly reported,  
And foretold his friends; in *Galyly* there wil hee meete them,  
Loe, where lately hee lay: feare not, but boldly report it.

As they ran to report, Christ Iesus plainly appeared,  
And met them by the way, and bade them not be amazed,  
But bring news to the rest, that he would in *Galyly* see them.

This doone, and they gone; poore watchmen ran to the Citty;  
And told all to the Priests; whoe then with an obstinat error,  
And wilfull blyndenes, these watchmen largely rewarded,  
Willing them to report, and tell this abroad to the people,  
That Christs disciples stole him by night fro the watchmen,  
Whylst they lay sleeping. Which hæresy stoutly, to this day  
Stifneckt *Jews* mainteine: ô curst and damnable error,  
O hard-harted *Jews*, that giue more eare to a hyreling  
And brybed souldier, by the prowd Priests falsly suborned,  
Than to the truth it self with soe great glory reuealed,  
Than to the eyes which saw, to the eares which heard, to the fingers  
And to the hands which felt that which was truly reported,  
Hands which felt Chrysts hands and feete and sides to be wounded,  
Eares which heard his woords and blessings sweetely deliured,  
Eyes which saw and knew, that Christe in *Galyly* walked,  
And foure times ten dayes in diuers places appeared:  
Eyes which saw Christe eate, and then fro the earth to be lifted  
Vp to the highest hen'ns, and there with glory receaued



*The Countesse of Pembrokes Emannel.*

On Gods owne right hand with iurisdiction endles :  
Vntil he come to be Iudg of quick and dead, by the thundring  
Sound of a fearefull trumpe : and bring his sheepe to the sheepfold  
Immortall sheepfold, and goates throw downe to the darcknes  
Æternall darcknes, fro the sacred face, fro the presence  
Of God, there to abyde with *Lucifer* and his adhaerents,  
Plagud with a dying life, with a lyuing death, with a roaring,  
Weeping, and gnashing of teeth, and horrible howling :  
Where's nought but woe, woe ; but a worne stil greedily gryping,  
Nought but a loathsome lake with fyre and Sulphur abounding.

*FINIS.*

*The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.*



*The first Psalme.*

**O** Thrice happy the man, that lends noe care to the counsaile  
Of soule-sick sinners; nor frames his feete to the footestepps  
Of backsliding guydes: nor sets him downe with a scorner  
In the maligning chayre, that makes but a mock of *Olympus*.

But to the liuing Lords edicts himself he referreth,  
And therein pleasures and treasures only reposeseth:  
Night and day by the same his footesteps duly directing,  
Day and night by the same, hart, mynde, soule, purely preparing.

This man's like to a tree, to a tree most happily planted  
Hard by a brooke, by a brooke whose streames of siluer abounding  
Make this tree her fruite, her pleasant fruite to be yeelding,  
Yeelding fruite in tyme to the planters dayly reioycing.

This tree's rooted deepe, her bowes are cherefully springing,  
Her fruite neuer fades, her leaues looke liuely for euer:  
This man's settled sure, his thoughts, woords, dayly proceedings  
Happy beginnings haue, and haue as fortunat endings.

Sinners are not soe; they and theyrs all in a moment,  
All in a moment passe past hope, grace, mercy, recou'ry,  
As weight-wanting chaffe that scattreth in euery corner,  
Whyrled away fro the earth, hence, thence, by a blast, by a wyndepuffe.

Woe to the scorner then, whose soule wil quake to be iudged,  
Quake, when it heares that doome by the Iudg almighty pronounced.  
Woe to the sinner then, noe settled sinner aproacheth  
Neare to the sinles Saints, where ioy and glory aboundeth.

For, the triumphant God doth stil looke downe to the godly,  
Their wayes well knowing, and them with mercy protecting:  
But the reuenging Lord hath threatned a plague to the godles,  
And theyr wayes shal away, and they themselues be a wayling.





*The sixth Psalme.*

**L**ord forbear to rebuke, forbear, and stay thy reuenging  
Hand, in thy greate wrath and indignation endles.  
Heale my wounds, my God, take some compassion on mee;  
My bones are bruyed, my strength is wholly decayed,  
My fowle is troubled, my mynde extreamely molested,  
How long shall thy wrath, and these my plagues be prolonged?

Turne yet againe, good God, thy woonted mercy remember,  
And this fowle, poore fowle, for thy greate mercy delyuer.  
Saue my life from death, in death noe worthy remembrance  
Of thy name is founde: and keepe my fowle fro the dungeon,  
Infeimall dungeon, where noe tonge yeelds any prayfes.

My hart with groanyng, my fowle is weary with anguish,  
Euery night doe I wash my carefull couch with abounding  
Streames of trickling teares: my flesh is myghtyly troubled,  
My color all faded, my former bewty decayed,  
For feare, all for feare of such as seeke to deuoure mee.

But get away, get away all you that woork any myschief:  
My sighes ascende vp, my prayers pierce to the heauens:  
And such as my fowle with griefe vnworthyly vexed,  
With shame and sorrow shall worthyly soone be requyted.





*The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.*



*The eyghth Psalme.*

O Prince all-puyfant, ô King al-mighty ruling,  
How wondrous be thy works, & how strange are thy proceedings?  
Thou hast thy greate name with most greate glory reposed  
Ouer, about those Lamps, bright-burning Lamps of *Olympus*,  
Eu'n very babes, yong babes, yong sucking babes thy triumphant  
Might set foorth; to the shame of them which iniury offer,  
Eu'n to the shame of them which damned blasphemy vtter.

When that I looke to the skies, and lyft myne eyes to the heauens,  
Skies thyne owne hand-work, and heauens fram'd by thy fingers;  
When that I see this Sunne, that makes my sight to be seeing,  
And that Moone, her light, light half-darck, dayly renewing,  
Sunne dayes-eye shynying, Moone nights-light chereful appearing,  
When that I see sweete Starres through Chrystal skies to be sprinkled,  
Some to the first spheare fixt, some here and there to be wandryng,  
And yet a constant course with due reuolution endyng.

Then doe I thinck, ô Lord, what a thing is man, what a wonder?  
O what a thing is man, whom thou soe greatly regardest?  
Or what a thing's mankynde, which thou soe charyly tendrest?

Thou hast man, this man, this blest man mightyly framed,  
And with abundant grace, with abundant dignyty crowned,  
Not much inferior to thy sweete cælestial Angells.

Thou hast giu'n hym right and iurisdiction ouer  
All thy wondrous woorkes, thou hast made hym to be mayster,  
Hym chiefe mayster on earth, right Lord, and absolut owner  
Of beast, fowle, and fishe on th'earth, ayre, water abyding.

O prince all-puyfant, ô King al-mighty ruling,  
How wondrous be thy woorks, and how strange are thy proceedings?





*The nine and twentieth Psalme.*

**Y**OU Kings and rulers, you Lords and mighty Monarchaes,  
Whose hands with scepters, and heads with crownes be adorned,  
Kneele to the King of Kings, and bring your dutiful offerings;  
Lowt to the lyuing Lord; ascribe all might to the mighty  
A'wayes-mighty Monarch: and learne to be rul'd by the ruler,  
Which heu'n, earth, and hell, rul's, ouerrules in a moment.

For this is only that one, whose thundring voyce fro the clustred  
Clouds breaks foorth and roares, and horror brings to the whole world.  
For this is only that one, whose feareful voyce fro the heauens  
Cedars, tall Cedars, teares, rents, and ryues fro the rooting,  
Cedars of *Libanus* constrayns lyke calues to be leaping:  
And Cedar-bearing *Libanus*, with frightened *Hermion*  
Lyke to a yong Vnicorne makes here and there to be skipping.

For this is only that one, whose threatnyng voyce, the deuouring  
Lightnyngs flakes throwes downe, and terror brings to the deserts,  
Teares downe trees and woods, makes hyndes for feare to be caluyng,  
And that forelorne waste of *Cadesh* for to be trembling.

Euery voyce his voyce, his prayse, and glory pronounceth,  
His sacred temple with his honnor dayly resoundeth.  
Ouer gulfs and deepes his royall throane he reposeth,  
Ouerwhelmyng gulfs, and drownynge deepes he represteth,  
And stil a lyuing Lord, stil a King almighty remayneth,  
And yet a father stil: for he leaues not, stil to be sendyng  
Strength to his owne elect, and inward peace for a blessing.



*The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.*



*The eyght and thirtith Pſalme.*

**S** Courge mee not, my God, whylst thy wrath's kyndled againſt mee,  
Put mee not to rebuke, in thyne vnſpeakable anger.

For, thy darts, o God, dead darts, and dangerus arrowes  
Stick faſt, faſt to my hart, o Lord, ſtick faſt to my hartroote,  
And thy hands, ſore hands preſſe and oppreſſe mee with anguiſh.

In my fleſh noe health; in bones noe reſt is abyding,  
Thy wrath plagues my fleſh, my ſyns to my bones be a poyſon.  
My ſyns, woeful wretch, my ſyns now growne to a fullnes  
Overgrow my head, curſt head, and keepe mee ſtil vnder,  
Lyke to a burden alas, my back too heauyly loading.

My carefull carkas with ſores lyes all to be wounded  
Feſtring ſores with groſſe corruption euer abounding,  
Feſtring ſores and wounds fro my ſynfull folly proceeding.

My pain's ſoe greeuous, my griefe ſoe greate, that it vrgeth  
Mee wyth a pale, dead face, and crooked lym to be creeping.  
Myne inflamed loynes are filld with filthy diſeaſes,  
And noe part vntutcht, noe peece vnwounded apeareth.  
Faynt and feeble I am; ſore bruiſed, ſoe that I can not  
But roare out for griefe of ſowle, and horrible anguiſh.

Lord, thou knowſt my deſyre, thou ſceſt my dayly bewayling;  
Hart hartles doth pant, and ſtrengthleſſe ſtrength is abated,  
Sightleſſe ſight is gone, and fryends vnfriendly departed,  
And vnkynde kynſmen my wounded carkas abhorring  
Looke; but a greate way off; but come not neare to my comfort,  
Thus forſaken I am, forlorne, contemptible abiect.

They that fought my life, layd ſecrete ſnares to betray mee,  
And, to deuoure my blood, conſpyred dayly togeather.  
And I, for all this, alas, poore foole, ſtood ſcellyly ſylent,  
Lyke to a man that's deaf, and ſeem's not a woord to be hearing,  
Lyke to a man that's dumbe, and fear's his mouth to be op'nyng:

For,



### *The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.*

For, my fayth and trust in thee, my Lord, I reposed,  
Thou must pleade my cause, and by thee I must be defended.

Lord, I desyre that these my foes may not be triumphing  
Ouer a contryte sowle : for when my foote was a slipping,  
Then they laught and scorn'd, and seem'd to be greatly reioycing.  
And in truth, my God, my plagues are dayly renewed,  
And my bleeding wounds lye alwayso open afore mee,  
Alwayes in my sight ; for I must and will my detested,  
Fylthy detested lyfe confesse, with an heauy remembryng  
Harty repentyng sowle. But, alas, my deadly malignyng  
Foes are much increaste, in might and number abounding.  
These men alas, for that my sowle theyr fylthynges hated,  
Life with death, ô Lord, and good with bad be requyting.  
Helpe, ô Lord my God, make haste, draw neare to the needy,  
Help, ô God my Lord, and my saluation only.



### *The fiftith Psalme.*

**G**Od, the triumphant God, th' æternall greate God of all Gods  
Hath sent foorth Summons with a thündring voyce fro the heauës,  
World-warnyng Summons, commaunding all in a moment,  
All from th'east to the weast, to be prest, and make an aparance,  
And performe theyr sulte to the court, to the greate, to the high court,  
Greate high Syons court, sweete Syon: where hee apeareth  
With surpassing grace, exceeding bewty abounding.

God shal come, shal come with a voyce al-mightyly soulding;  
Greedy deuouring fyre shal goe with glory before hym,  
And blustering tempests shall roare with terror about hym.  
Heu'n from aboue shal hee call, and quaking earth to be wytnes,  
Of this iust edict and sentence rightly pronounced.

Bring my Saints, sayth God, goe bring my Saints to my presence,  
Which haue vow'd theyre harts, and sworne theyr sowles to my seruyce;  
And of this iudgment from iudg almighty proceeding,

### *The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.*

Those bright-burning gloabes of Chrystal-mantled Olympus,  
Shall be reporters true, and alwayes shall be recorders.

Heare mee, my deare flock, and thou, *O Israel*, heare mee,  
Heare me thy God, thy Lord; and know, that I am not aggrieved,  
Nor displeased a whytt, for want of customed offerings  
Burnt offerings, sacrifice, and Honnors due to my altars.

What doe I care for a Goate? or what doe I care for a Bullock?  
Sith Goates, and Bullocks, and beasts that range by the deserts,  
Sith cattell feeding on a thousand hills be my owne goods?  
Myne owne proper goods be the fowles that fly to the mountaynes,  
Myne be the beasts that run by the fyclds, and watery fountayns.

If that I hunger, alas what neede I to tell thee, I hunger?  
Sith that th'earth is myne, and all that on earth is abyding.  
Thinck not, thinck not, alas, that I take any ioy to be eating  
Bulls flesh: thinck not, alas, that I take a delyte to be dryncking  
Goates blood, guytles blood: but make acceptable offering  
Of thanks-geuyng hart, and pay thy vowes to the highest.  
Call me to help, when foe thou findest thyself to be helple,  
Cry for grace, when foe thou thinckst thy soule to be past grace:  
And I wil heare, and help, giue grace, and strongly protect thee,  
And thou lawde, and loue, sing, serue, and woorthily prayse mee.

But with a frownyng looke, this God spake thus to the godles;  
With what face dar'st thou my sacred name be prophanyng  
With those lying lipps, and mouth with murder abounding?  
With what face dar'st thou with a tyed tong be professing,  
And by defyled lyfe, and rowled soule be denyng?  
With what face dar'st thou for an ostentation only  
Secke to reforme others, thyself foe fowly deformed?  
When thou meet'st it with a thief, thou seek'st by theft to be thryving,  
And walk'st syde by syde as a copsonate fit for adulterers.  
Thy mouth's made to beguyle; and monstrous villany vttereth,  
Thy lipps let forth lyes: thy tongue vitiously defameth  
Thyne owne mochers sonne: these, these be thy holy proceedings,  
These be thy works; & sith that I seem'd for a while to be sylent, (thynghts,  
Thou thought'st (wicked thought) my thought's were lyke to thy owne  
And foe runn'st headlong. But I come; but plagues be approaching,  
And when I come, then I stryke, whe I stryke, the I beate thee to powder.  
Thy bloody thoughts, lewde words, vile deeds wil I open in order,  
And shew all to thy face: which thou shalt see to thy sorrow,  
Know and acknowledge to thy owne confusion endles.

### *The Countesse of Pembrokes Emannel.*

You that forget God, thinke on this; least hee remember  
And forget not you; but roote you out in his anger.

Then if all noeman come, your damned sowles to deliuer.

Prayse and thanks-giuing is a most acceptable offering;

And, if a man by my lawes his conuersation order;

Vnto the same I myself wil my saluation offer.



### *The threescore and thirteenth Psalm.*

**G**OD, th' eternall God, noe doubt, is good to the godly;  
Giuing grace to the pure, and mercy to *Israel* holy;  
And yet, alas, my feete, my saynt feete gan to be slyding,  
And I was almost gone, and fall'n to a dangerous error.

For, my soule did grudge, my hart consumed in anger,  
And myne eyes disdayng'd, when I saw, that such men abounded  
With wealth, health, and ioy, whose myndes with myschief abounded.  
Theyr body stowt and strong, theyr lymis stil lyuely apearng  
Neyther feare any panges of death, nor feele any sickness:  
Some still mourne, they laughe; some lyue vnfortunat euer,  
They for ioy doe triumphe, and taste aduersity neuer,  
Which makes them with pryde, with scornful pryde to be chayned,  
And with blood-thirsting disdaigne as a roabe to becoured.  
Theyr fare is delicate, theyr flesh is dayntyly pampred,  
Theyr eyes with fatnes start out, theyr greedy deuouring  
Gutts, swell with swylling; and, what sonde fancy desyret, h  
Or lewd lust lyketh, that fortune fryendly aordeth.  
Themselus most synfull cause others for to be synners  
With theyr poysn'd breath, and vile contagious humors;  
They check, scorne, controlle, looke, ouer looke, with a lordlyke  
Imperious countnance; theyr mouth sowle blasphemy vttereth,  
And fro the forlorne earth, to the heu'ns disdaingfully mounteth.

This surpassing pompe and pryde allureth a number  
Eu'n of Gods owne flock, (flock weake and weary with anguish)



*The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.*

Vnto the self same trade, which makes theyr glory the greater.  
Tush, say they, can God, fro the highest heu'ns to the lowest  
Earth, vouchsaule, thinck you, those Princelike eyes to be bowing?  
Tis but a vaine conceipt of fooles, to be fondly referring  
Euery iesting trick, and trifling toy to the Thundret.  
For loe, these be the men, whose soules are fear'd with an yron,  
And yet these be the men, whose rule and raigne with aboundance;  
These, and whose but these? Why then, what meane I to lift vp  
Cleane hands, and pure hart to the heu'ns? What meane I to offer  
Praise and thanksgueing to the Lord? What meane I to suffer  
Such plagues with patience? Yea, and almost had I spoken  
Eu'n as they did speake, which thought noe God to be guyding.

But soe should I alas, haue iudgd thy folk to be luckles,  
Thy sons forsaken, thy saints vnworthily haples.

Then did I thinck, and muse, and search what might be the matter,  
But yet I could not, alas, conceaue soe hidden a woonder:  
Vntil I left myself, and all my thoughts did abandon,  
And to thy sacred place, to thy Sanct'uary lastly repayred.

Then did I see, o Lord, these mens vnfortunat endings  
Endings meete and fit for their yngodly beginnings.  
Then did I see how they did stand in slippery places,  
Lifted aloft, that their downefalling might be the greater.  
Lying Lord, how soone is this theyr glory triumphant  
Dassht, confounded, gone, drownd in destruction endles?  
Their fame's soone outworne, theyr name's extinct in a moment,  
Lyke to a dreame, that lyues by a sleepe, and dyes with a slumber.

Thus my soule did greoue, my hart did languish in anguish,  
Soe blynde were myne eyes, my minde soe plunged in error,  
That noemore than a beast did I know this mystery sacred.  
Yet thou heldst my hande, and keptst my soule fro the dungeon,  
Thou didst guyde my feete, and mee with glory receauedst.  
For what in heu'n or in earth shal I loue or woorthy wonder  
But my most good God, my Lord and mighty *Iehoua*?  
Though my flesh oft faint, my hart's oft drowned in horror,  
God neuer fayleth, but wilbe my mighty protector.

Such as God forsake, and take to a slippery comfort,  
Trust to a broken staffe, and taste of woorthy reuengement.  
In my God therefore my trust is wholly reposed,  
And his name wil I praise, and sing his glory renowned.

*The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.*

*The hundred and fourth P/alme.*

**L**Yuing Lord my soule shall praise thy glory triumphant,  
Sing thy matchles might, and shew thine infinit honnor.  
Euerlasting light thou puttst on like as a garment,  
And purple-mantled welkyn thou spreadst as a courtayne :  
Thy parlor pillars on waters strangely be pitched,  
Clowdes are thy charyots, and blustering wyndes be thy courfers,  
Immortal Spyrits be thy euer-dutiful Harrolds,  
And consuming fires, as seruants dayly be wayting.

All-maintaining earths foundation euer abydeth  
Layd by the Lords right-hand, with seas and deepes as a garment  
Cou'red; seas and deepes with threatening waues to the huge hills  
Clyming; but, with a beck theyr billowes speedily backward  
All doe recoyle; with a check their course is changd on a suddaine;  
At thy thundring voyce they quake: And soe doe the mountaines  
Mount vpward with a woord; and soe alsoe doe the valleys.  
Downe with a woord discend, and keepe their places apoynted:  
Theyr meares are fixed, theyr bancks are mightily barred,  
Theyr boundis knowne, least that, man-feeding earth by the rage of  
Earth-ouerwhelming waters might chaunce to be drowned.

Stil-springing fountaines distil fro the rocks to the ryuers,  
And christall riuers flow ouer along by the mountaines:  
There will wyld asses theyr scorched mouthes be refreshing,  
And field-feeding beasts theyr thirst with water abating.

There by the wet-welling waters, by the syluer-abounding  
Brookes, fayre-flying fowles on flowring bancks be abyding,  
There shall sweete-beckt byrds theyr bowres in bows be a building,  
And to the waters fall theyr warbling voyce be a tuning.

Yea those sun-burnt hills, and mountains all to be scorched,  
Cooling clowds doe refresh, and watery dewe fro the heauens.

Earth sets forth thy woorks, earth-dwellers all be thy wenders:  
Earth earth-dwelling beasts with flowring grasse is a feeding;  
Earth earth-dwelling men with pleasant hearbes is a seruing.  
Earth brings harts-joy wine, earth-dwelling men to be hartning,  
Earth breeds chearing oyles, earth-dwelling man to be smoothing,  
Earth beares lifes-foode bread, earth-dwelling men to be strengthening,

Tall trees, vp-mounting Cedars are chearefully springing,

*The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.*

Cedars of *Libanus*, where fowles theyr neasts be preparing;  
And Storkes in Firr-trees make their accustomed harbors.

Wylde goates, doaes, and roaes dooe roue and range by the mountains,  
And poore feeelly conyes to the ragged rocks be repaying.

Night-enlightning Moone for certaine tymes is apoynted,  
And all-seeing Sunne knows his due tyme to be sitting.

Sunne once for sitting, darek night wraps all in a mantle

All in a black mantle: then beafts creepe out fro the dungeons,

Roaring hungry Lions theyr pray with greedy deuouring

Clawes and iawes attend, but by Gods only apoyntment:

When Sunne riseth againe, theyr dens they quickly recouer,

And there couch all day: that man may safely the day time

His dayes woorke apply, til day giue way to the darknes.

O good God, wise Lord, good Lord, and only the wise God,  
Earth sets foorth thy woorks, earth-dwellers all be thy wonders.

Soe be seaes alsoe, greate seaes, full fraught with abundant

Svarms of creeping things, great, small: there, shippes be a sayling,

And there lyes tumbling, that monsterus huge *Leusathan*.

All these begg theyr foode, and all these on thee be wayting;

If that thou stretch out thyne hand, they feede with aboundance,

If thou turne thy face, they all are mightily troubled;

If that thou withdraw their breath, they dye in a moment,

And turne quickly to dust, whence they were lately deriued,

If thy spirite breathe, their breath is newly created,

And the decayed face of th'earth is quickly reuinted.

O then, glory to God, to the Lord then, glory for euer,

Whoe in his owne great woorks may worthily glory for euer.

This Lord lookes to the earth, and steadfast earth is a trembling,

This God toucheth mounts, and mountains huge be a sinoaking.

All my life wil I laud this Lord; whylst breath is abyding

In my breast, this breath his praise shall stil be a breathing.

Heare my woords, my Lord, accept this dutiful offering,

That my soule in thee may eue more be reioycing;

Roote the malignant race, race out theyr damnable offspring;

But my soule, ô Lord shall praise thy glory triumphant,

Sing thy matchles might, and shew thyne infinit honor.



*FINIS.*



